

FRAL WOMAN DEFIES COURT AND SHERIFF.

Careful Mother-in-Law and Pet Dogs on Guard Lest Little Mrs. Archibald Be Sent to Jail.

Camille Archibald is still out of jail, though Justice Dykman has issued an order committing her for not paying \$237.64 she owes for rent of her little house in the city, and in a state bordering on collapse, Mrs. Archibald, starting at every unfamiliar sound.

Outside was Phil Kues, Sheriff Miller's little but alert deputy for Yonkers, with an order of arrest and commitment for the trail one for contempt of court, in the case of Mrs. Archibald, Prince and Beauty, three as earnest, eager, alert and loud-mouthed fox-terriers as one could wish to see.

On guard inside was the gentle Mrs. Andrew Archibald, the mother-in-law, bent on caring for every want of her little daughter-in-law and protecting her from the thirly minions of the law. "It is nothing better than legalized blackmail," said the mother-in-law to an inquiring Evening World reporter through the speaking-tube that runs from the front door to somewhere inside the big, square, baronial castle with unimpaired whiteness in place of clambroths at No. 68 Lamertine avenue, Yonkers, for the door is open to no one, least be the sheriff. It is the home of Andrew Archibald, the wealthy lumber and coal merchant.

"They got this order to arrest this poor, little woman and throw her into the White Plains Jail," said the gentle voice through the tube, "not because she had committed any crime, but just to force my husband or me to pay my son's debts."

Gave Bond to Pay. "We have signed a bond, my husband and I, to pay if an appeal goes against her, and are going to get a stay," don't see why that horrid Sheriff should hang around."

Phil Kues laughed cynically when the reporter told him what he had heard. "I've had bother enough serving this order on Mrs. Archibald," said he, "they report him sick, and I can't break in like it was a warrant. Those damned fox-terriers beat me. I nearly got her, though, last night. I figured out she'd be a stunner out on that big, broad, sweeping veranda last evening, a-takin' the fresh, cool air, and so I quietly slid up there."

"Sure enough, there she was, a pretty picture all in white, with a white, gray-shawled shawl over her shoulders. She was then a-wittin' right in the middle of the piazza, and the family all around her. 'Well, I says to myself, 'Phil, this is easy, and I'll slip up. But I hadn't counted on those terriers. I hadn't any more in touched the latch to the gate than up starts those three damned dogs, and they rushed out like they were going to eat me up right then and there. And Mrs. Archibald, she just quietly and calmly got up and flitted leisurely into the house, and what could I do?"

A Happy Marriage. Sgt. Osborn, of the Yonkers police since 1896, when the old Metropolitan



CAMILLE ARCHIBALD

Police District system was discontinued, and for a couple of years at the Mercer Street Station under that system, had three girls, Camille, Edith and Rose, all famous for their beauty. The district and prettiest of all was Camille, who was married a dozen years ago to young Merrill Archibald, son of one of Yonkers's rich and aristocratic families, everybody thought it a "good catch."

Her sister Edith is a maid in the Brierley Hotel, and Miss Beale graduated from Barnard College last June, but Camille had been the mistress of a fine establishment at No. 122 South Broadway, where she had her servants and horses. They were favorites in Yonkers society, and their seemed an ideal life. "Met" Archibald's and his pretty wife's, until two years ago, when trouble began.

Then little Mrs. Archibald began to get very well with four servants, and finally "got along very well" without any doing all her own housework.

The district Attorney sent a bill to a Yonkers lawyer for collection. It was a disputed bill, but he got judgment for about \$237.64, and because she didn't pay it Justice Dykman declared her guilty of contempt of court and issued the order of arrest, which Deputy Sheriff Phil Kues failed to serve, thanks to a careful mother-in-law and three wide-awake fox-terriers—Bobby, Prince and Beauty.

Another stay was secured and served on the Sheriff, and the case will be taken to the Appellate Division with all its new features, and if it goes against the district Attorney, in-law Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Archibald will pay it, according to the bond they have signed to keep her out of jail.

FEAR STRUCTURE IS A DEATH TRAP.

Charge that Katz Paid for Hauling of Bad Material with a Bogus Check.

Work has been stopped on a tenement in course of erection at No. 36 East Thirty-third street, and Capt. Delaney, of the East Thirty-fifth street station, has put a policeman on the premises to see that no further work is done until the Building Department has inspected the structure and made a report.

"The building is in a dangerous condition," said Capt. Delaney, "and is a menace to human life. I warned the patrolman I stationed there to remain at a safe distance, as the walls may fall at any time. I cannot understand how the building inspectors have permitted the walls to be raised as high as they are."

Capt. Delaney has forwarded a report to the Building Department, in which he says that old material has been used in the two stories already erected; that the work has been done by men who

never had experience as masons, and that the mortar used was made of mud and sand and contained no lime. A policeman who was sent to inspect the place said that he pushed his hand through the wall without any difficulty, knocking down a large section of the brickwork, which fell into the cellar.

Capt. Delaney states that he found the iron girders to be old and out of plumb 20 per cent, and that the cross beams are old and in a dangerous condition, both these and the girders being unable to support any such weight as it was intended to put upon them.

The owner and builder, he says, is M. J. Katz, of No. 130 East Fifth street, who, so far as he can discover, has had no experience in this kind of work. The police say that a man named Doughty, who was paid by Katz with a bad check, Capt. Delaney declares that he and Doughty went to work all day yesterday but were unable to find him.

SILAS DUTCHER TO ACCUSE POLICEMAN

Banker Saw P. McAuliffe's Brutal Treatment of Alma Busch.



ALMA BUSCH

Full of valor and filling a suit of plain clothes Policeman P. McAuliffe went forth from the Bergen street station, in Brooklyn, last night to do duty in Seventh avenue and detect the foul miscreants who have been mutilating in a cruel manner screen doors along that thoroughfare.

In the performance of his duty he caught a six-year-old girl, pulled her hair, wrenched her arm and almost drove her into convulsions. Then he told the mother of the child to "git to — out o' here!" and went on his way rejoicing.

But it so happened that one of the witnesses of P. McAuliffe's brave and thrilling performance was Silas B. Dutcher, of Brooklyn. Mr. Dutcher is a leader in Republican politics, is President of the Hamilton Trust Company and fears no policeman, uniformed or otherwise.

On his assurance that he will go on the stand as a witness, the father of the child, Jacob Busch, a tailor, of No. 178 Seventh avenue, has preferred charges against the aforesaid P. McAuliffe.

McAuliffe's Warm Advice. The child was Alma Busch, a fragile little girl, who has a terror of kidnappers. She recognizes the supreme power of a policeman, but a policeman in plain clothes like P. McAuliffe was a plain citizen in her eyes. The screams she emitted when P. McAuliffe wrapped his fingers in her hair and jerked her along the sidewalk aroused the neighborhood. To Busch and others who remonstrated McAuliffe gave the stereotyped police advice—"git to — out o' here!"

Not until he drew his "billy" and threatened to "pinch" everybody in sight was it known that he was a policeman. Mr. Dutcher was indignant at what he had witnessed and told the policeman so. He called at the store of Mr. Busch this morning and assured him that he would back him up in any steps he might take to secure adequate punishment for the chivalrous and gentle P. McAuliffe. Little Alma had scarcely recovered from her fright when an Evening World reporter saw her this morning. She told the following story:

By Alma Busch. There have been some screen doors torn around here, and somebody went to the police and said children did it. I never saw any of the screen doors, but my papa warned me to keep away from them.

Last night I was playing in the gutter with two little girls, Dora Geratner and Margaret Miller. I was sitting on the curbstone. On the stoop by the butcher shop were Florence and Myra Diana and Marion Scott. They are about four or five years old.

Abused the Children. A man came along and stood watching us. Then he began to swear at us. He told us to get to hell out of the gutter and sit on our own stoops.

I was scared, and I sat down in front of papa's store. The man followed me and caught hold of my arm with one hand and my hair with the other. He didn't pull any of the hair out, but he frightened me awful. I thought he was going to steal me and carry me away. I just hollered as loud as I could and grabbed the railing. The man tried to drag me away. Then Mr. Erlerson from the next store came and said: "What are you doing to that child?" The man told him to get to hell out of the street. He told the same to my brother Henry, but when Henry came he let go of me and I ran upstairs. When my papa and mamma went out the man waved a club and then swore at them, and told my mamma to get to hell upstairs. My head hurt awful, and I was so scared I didn't sleep nearly all night.

never had experience as masons, and that the mortar used was made of mud and sand and contained no lime. A policeman who was sent to inspect the place said that he pushed his hand through the wall without any difficulty, knocking down a large section of the brickwork, which fell into the cellar.

Capt. Delaney states that he found the iron girders to be old and out of plumb 20 per cent, and that the cross beams are old and in a dangerous condition, both these and the girders being unable to support any such weight as it was intended to put upon them.

The owner and builder, he says, is M. J. Katz, of No. 130 East Fifth street, who, so far as he can discover, has had no experience in this kind of work. The police say that a man named Doughty, who was paid by Katz with a bad check, Capt. Delaney declares that he and Doughty went to work all day yesterday but were unable to find him.

But it so happened that one of the witnesses of P. McAuliffe's brave and thrilling performance was Silas B. Dutcher, of Brooklyn. Mr. Dutcher is a leader in Republican politics, is President of the Hamilton Trust Company and fears no policeman, uniformed or otherwise.

On his assurance that he will go on the stand as a witness, the father of the child, Jacob Busch, a tailor, of No. 178 Seventh avenue, has preferred charges against the aforesaid P. McAuliffe.

McAuliffe's Warm Advice. The child was Alma Busch, a fragile little girl, who has a terror of kidnappers. She recognizes the supreme power of a policeman, but a policeman in plain clothes like P. McAuliffe was a plain citizen in her eyes. The screams she emitted when P. McAuliffe wrapped his fingers in her hair and jerked her along the sidewalk aroused the neighborhood. To Busch and others who remonstrated McAuliffe gave the stereotyped police advice—"git to — out o' here!"

Not until he drew his "billy" and threatened to "pinch" everybody in sight was it known that he was a policeman. Mr. Dutcher was indignant at what he had witnessed and told the policeman so. He called at the store of Mr. Busch this morning and assured him that he would back him up in any steps he might take to secure adequate punishment for the chivalrous and gentle P. McAuliffe. Little Alma had scarcely recovered from her fright when an Evening World reporter saw her this morning. She told the following story:

By Alma Busch. There have been some screen doors torn around here, and somebody went to the police and said children did it. I never saw any of the screen doors, but my papa warned me to keep away from them.

Last night I was playing in the gutter with two little girls, Dora Geratner and Margaret Miller. I was sitting on the curbstone. On the stoop by the butcher shop were Florence and Myra Diana and Marion Scott. They are about four or five years old.

Abused the Children. A man came along and stood watching us. Then he began to swear at us. He told us to get to hell out of the gutter and sit on our own stoops.

I was scared, and I sat down in front of papa's store. The man followed me and caught hold of my arm with one hand and my hair with the other. He didn't pull any of the hair out, but he frightened me awful. I thought he was going to steal me and carry me away. I just hollered as loud as I could and grabbed the railing. The man tried to drag me away. Then Mr. Erlerson from the next store came and said: "What are you doing to that child?" The man told him to get to hell out of the street. He told the same to my brother Henry, but when Henry came he let go of me and I ran upstairs. When my papa and mamma went out the man waved a club and then swore at them, and told my mamma to get to hell upstairs. My head hurt awful, and I was so scared I didn't sleep nearly all night.

GIRL ACCUSED POLICEMAN WHO LOCKED HER UP.



MISS GRACE CROWLEY

Grace Crowley Says She Only Wanted Her Jewelry from Huntington, Who Locked Her Up for Disorderly Conduct.

A tall, slender girl, about twenty years old, with dark hair and flashing black eyes, drew herself up to her full height before Magistrate Meade in the West Fifty-fourth street court today.

"I annoy him," she cried, and a flush came into her cheeks. "No, indeed, I did not. He took the pawn-ticket to my diamond ring. He wouldn't give it to me. I want to get it back. That is why I went to him."

The girl's name is Grace Crowley. She says she lived in West Forty-fourth street. While at Ninety-fifth street and Riverside Drive a few nights ago I met Huntington. He took the pawn ticket away from me. All I wanted was my pawn ticket so I could get my ring. That is why I went to him last night."

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked Magistrate Meade, turning to Police Officer Huntington. "That is not so," replied the policeman. "The truth of the matter is the girl is infatuated with me."

"Oh, I never was!" cried Miss Crowley.

"She kept following me around," continued the policeman. "She annoyed me."

"What do you mean by annoying you?" asked the Magistrate. "Stopping me on the post and tagging me around."

"Well, now, see here," said Magistrate Meade. "I don't want to hear any more of these stories about you. If I hear any more I shall report you to Police Headquarters. The case against this young woman is dismissed."

When Miss Crowley was arrested last night she was furnished for her release by William C. Smith, of No. 188 Amsterdam avenue. He informed that some policeman had asked him to go on the girl's bond. Miss Crowley says she did not send for him. It is believed that she was arrested by Huntington, who was the prisoner would not appear in court.

Witnesses to the shooting of Joseph Buikley by Detective Mulcare last Tuesday night were examined in the District Attorney's office today by Assistant District Attorney Garvan, who has charge of the case. There were half a dozen of them, and the affidavit of each was taken.

Mr. Garvan wasted no time in getting the testimony of his witnesses. He selected those whom he thought might possibly be swayed by police influence later on and got their affidavits before the police, striving to shield Mulcare, could get at them.

He would not give the names of the men and protected them from the inquiries of reporters. Later in the day Mr. Garvan had a conference with Coroner Hart. They went over the affidavits submitted, and there is no doubt about what the Coroner will do at the inquest. He will certainly hold Mulcare for the killing of Buikley.

It was said at St. Vincent's Hospital today that Mulcare is improving. All that bothers him now or has bothered him since the altercation which resulted in the death of Buikley is a broken nose.

The police say he has confession of the truth in an aggravated form. He walked around town for hours after the shooting, and was sly enough to hide his face, and got the affidavits before the police, striving to shield Mulcare, could get at them.

It was decided at the conference that Mulcare shall be arraigned before Coroner Hart on Tuesday, when a formal inquest will be held. The inquest into the death of Buikley shall be held on Thursday.

President Sexton, of the Board of Health, today sent out fifty notices to landlords and lessees of tenement-houses warning them that disorderly persons must be at once removed from the dwellings they control. The notices cite the new Tenement-House act relating to the matter and the punishment.

In case of conviction a penalty of \$100 is placed on the tenement, and it is placed on the lot on which the house is built.

Most of the notices have been sent to landlords and lessees in what is known as "The Red Light" district, in the East side.

President Sexton had this to say of the matter: "We are going to take drastic measures to enforce the provisions of the Tenement-House act. The Health Department has inspectors out, and punishment will be meted out to any violation of the law."

DADY AGAIN IN QUARANTINE. Brooklyn Republican Leader, Back from Cuba, Held for Observation. Michael J. Dady, the Brooklyn Republican leader, was a passenger on the ward the steamer Segura which arrived from Havana. Mr. Dady, thirty-four other passengers were transferred to Hoffman Island for observation.

They will be released to-morrow. Mr. Dady has been in quarantine before, his business frequently requiring his presence in Cuba.

TWO POLICEMEN CHARGE MAYHEM

CORONER WILL HOLD MULCARE.

Wells Bitten on the Ear; Putz on the Hand.

Policeman Wells, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth station, nearly had his lip bitten off at midnight by John Merriman, an inspector on the Manhattan Elevated Road, whom he was trying to befriend. Merriman lives in No. 130 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street. He was unable to get in the house and was trying to raise a window when a policeman, thinking it was a burglar, hailed him. Merriman explained that he was locked out.

Wells then looked loudly on the door. In a few moments some one opened it and then slammed it in the policeman's face. Without a word Merriman jumped on the policeman's back, and, holding his head, bit his lower lip nearly through. Merriman was held in the Harlem Court to-day in \$500 bail. He refused to make any statement whatever.

Policeman Putz, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, was badly bitten on the right hand last night by William Jones, of No. 10 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street. Jones's wife complained to the station that her husband was threatening the neighbors with a revolver. Jones was sent to the island for three months by Magistrate Crane, in Harlem Court.

Wells then looked loudly on the door. In a few moments some one opened it and then slammed it in the policeman's face. Without a word Merriman jumped on the policeman's back, and, holding his head, bit his lower lip nearly through. Merriman was held in the Harlem Court to-day in \$500 bail. He refused to make any statement whatever.

Policeman Putz, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, was badly bitten on the right hand last night by William Jones, of No. 10 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street. Jones's wife complained to the station that her husband was threatening the neighbors with a revolver. Jones was sent to the island for three months by Magistrate Crane, in Harlem Court.

Wells then looked loudly on the door. In a few moments some one opened it and then slammed it in the policeman's face. Without a word Merriman jumped on the policeman's back, and, holding his head, bit his lower lip nearly through. Merriman was held in the Harlem Court to-day in \$500 bail. He refused to make any statement whatever.

Policeman Putz, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, was badly bitten on the right hand last night by William Jones, of No. 10 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street. Jones's wife complained to the station that her husband was threatening the neighbors with a revolver. Jones was sent to the island for three months by Magistrate Crane, in Harlem Court.

Wells then looked loudly on the door. In a few moments some one opened it and then slammed it in the policeman's face. Without a word Merriman jumped on the policeman's back, and, holding his head, bit his lower lip nearly through. Merriman was held in the Harlem Court to-day in \$500 bail. He refused to make any statement whatever.

Policeman Putz, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, was badly bitten on the right hand last night by William Jones, of No. 10 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street. Jones's wife complained to the station that her husband was threatening the neighbors with a revolver. Jones was sent to the island for three months by Magistrate Crane, in Harlem Court.

Wells then looked loudly on the door. In a few moments some one opened it and then slammed it in the policeman's face. Without a word Merriman jumped on the policeman's back, and, holding his head, bit his lower lip nearly through. Merriman was held in the Harlem Court to-day in \$500 bail. He refused to make any statement whatever.

Policeman Putz, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, was badly bitten on the right hand last night by William Jones, of No. 10 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street. Jones's wife complained to the station that her husband was threatening the neighbors with a revolver. Jones was sent to the island for three months by Magistrate Crane, in Harlem Court.

Wells then looked loudly on the door. In a few moments some one opened it and then slammed it in the policeman's face. Without a word Merriman jumped on the policeman's back, and, holding his head, bit his lower lip nearly through. Merriman was held in the Harlem Court to-day in \$500 bail. He refused to make any statement whatever.

Policeman Putz, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, was badly bitten on the right hand last night by William Jones, of No. 10 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street. Jones's wife complained to the station that her husband was threatening the neighbors with a revolver. Jones was sent to the island for three months by Magistrate Crane, in Harlem Court.

Wells then looked loudly on the door. In a few moments some one opened it and then slammed it in the policeman's face. Without a word Merriman jumped on the policeman's back, and, holding his head, bit his lower lip nearly through. Merriman was held in the Harlem Court to-day in \$500 bail. He refused to make any statement whatever.

Policeman Putz, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, was badly bitten on the right hand last night by William Jones, of No. 10 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street. Jones's wife complained to the station that her husband was threatening the neighbors with a revolver. Jones was sent to the island for three months by Magistrate Crane, in Harlem Court.

Wells then looked loudly on the door. In a few moments some one opened it and then slammed it in the policeman's face. Without a word Merriman jumped on the policeman's back, and, holding his head, bit his lower lip nearly through. Merriman was held in the Harlem Court to-day in \$500 bail. He refused to make any statement whatever.

Policeman Putz, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, was badly bitten on the right hand last night by William Jones, of No. 10 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street. Jones's wife complained to the station that her husband was threatening the neighbors with a revolver. Jones was sent to the island for three months by Magistrate Crane, in Harlem Court.

Wells then looked loudly on the door. In a few moments some one opened it and then slammed it in the policeman's face. Without a word Merriman jumped on the policeman's back, and, holding his head, bit his lower lip nearly through. Merriman was held in the Harlem Court to-day in \$500 bail. He refused to make any statement whatever.

Policeman Putz, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, was badly bitten on the right hand last night by William Jones, of No. 10 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street. Jones's wife complained to the station that her husband was threatening the neighbors with a revolver. Jones was sent to the island for three months by Magistrate Crane, in Harlem Court.

ENGLISH ARMY OFFICER WEDS PRETTY MAY BOLEY.

Lieut. Nicholson's Mother Opposed Marriage to Actress, but He Followed Her to This Country.



LIEUT. NICHOLSON

Despite his aristocratic mother's opposition, Lieut. Frederick Lindsay Nicholson, of Putney Hill, London, England, chose for his bride May Blossom Boley, the pretty Washington actress who is so aptly named. The couple were married very quietly yesterday in the Church of the Transfiguration, in this city.

Their courtship, brief but full of romance, began only two months ago, when Miss Boley was playing with the Alice Nelson comic opera company in the Shattsbury Theatre, in London, in "The Fortune-Teller." An introduction followed, and the soldier and artist fell in love at first sight. Just before Miss Boley sailed for home they became engaged. He was then twenty-two, she twenty-one.

Miss Boley arrived last Saturday and went to stay with her mother at No. 14 West Thirty-fourth street. On Thursday she was anted up when Lieut. Nicholson's card was sent up.

"I just couldn't stay away any longer. I had to see you," he said in explaining his sudden arrival.

PHILBIN NOW AFTER CAPTAINS

An Attack on Those Higher Up to Follow Bissert's Conviction.

District-Attorney Philbin, encouraged by the successful outcome of the prosecution of Warden Bissert for blackmailing the keeper of a disorderly house, is planning extensive operations along that line.

The District-Attorney will move secretly, but it is learned that he hopes to catch some big game and eventually to land certain captains.

Mr. Philbin will consult with Recorder Goff, Justice Jerome, Frank Moss, of the Parkhurst Society; F. Norton Goddard, who has labored successfully against policy gambling, and other reformers. He will also advise the prosecution against other captains besides Diamond, against whom he feels that he has ample evidence to lay before the Grand Jury next week.

The District-Attorney believes that at least one disorderly housekeeper can be found in each precinct who is tired of paying blackmail, and that with the example of Mrs. Schmidt before them they can be influenced to come forward and assist in prosecuting the blackmailers. They can see that Mrs. Schmidt, whose testimony formed the foundation for the case against Bissert, is being amply rewarded in his case, and it is believed this will encourage others to come forward.

Police Commissioner Murphy said to an Evening World reporter this afternoon that he had been officially notified of the conviction of Bissert, but had taken no action on the matter.

"If Bissert is guilty," said the Commissioner, "I will let him go. I have heard the rumor that Bissert would turn State's evidence against Capt. Diamond."

"I have not heard it," said Commissioner. "But I will let him go. If Diamond is guilty I will let him go. I have heard the rumor that Bissert would turn State's evidence against Capt. Diamond."

The Commissioner denied that any fund was being collected or had been collected from the policemen for the three-platoon system.

TOOK VAN COTT'S COLLIE. Postmaster's Son Declares War on Dog-Catcher, Who Disappears.

Dean Swift Jackson, dog-catcher of Montclair, N. J., has mysteriously disappeared. Richard Van Cott, son of the Postmaster of this city who spends his summers in Montclair, has taken a valuable Scotch collie belonging to him.

Mr. Van Cott's coachman was out with the dog when Jackson came along and, after having removed its collar and license, he took it away.

Van Cott swore out a warrant for Jackson and the hearing was set for Monday. A professor of chemistry, Father Fox, of Montclair, has taken a valuable Scotch collie belonging to him.

JESUITS CHANGE PLACES.

Assignments at St. John's and St. Francis Xavier's Announced.

Several changes in the faculty of St. John's College, Fordham, have been announced. Father Neary, formerly prefect of discipline, goes to Holy Cross College, Worcester; Father Mahony, to St. Louis College, takes his place. Father Bridges goes to Whitmarsh, Md., as missionary; Rev. John Walsh will be prefect of discipline at St. John's and Father Quigley, formerly prefect of Boston College, comes as his assistant.

Father Fox, professor of chemistry, goes to St. Francis Xavier's College, from St. Francis Xavier's, on West Sixteenth street, Father McCloskey, ex-

BOY DIES OF INJURIES.

Driver Rotheheld, Whose Cart Killed Gublitze, Arrested.

James Gublitze, six years old, of No. 312 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, who was run over by a cart at St. Nicholas avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street yesterday, died at twelve o'clock to-day at the St. John's Hospital.

The driver of the cart, Leopold Rotheheld, thirty-nine years old, of No. 250 Eighth avenue, has been arrested.

M'LELLAN HAS HIS MEN HELD.

Detective Stabbed Getting Evidence, Appears in Court.

William Murray, twenty-eight years old, of No. 31 West Twenty-fourth street, and William C. Smith, forty-six years old, of No. 535 Hudson street, were held in \$1,000 bail by Magistrate Mayo in Jefferson Market Court to-day for felonious assault in attacking Detective Robert S. McCellan, of the Society for the Prevention of Crime in an alleged pool room at No. 724 Broadway yesterday.

McCellan told the Magistrate that he and another agent of the society were in the place getting evidence when they were recognized. He was beaten, knocked down and hit with a blackjack and stabbed. He identified the two prisoners as being among his assailants.

The examination was set for next Monday.

Magistrate Mayo criticized the bonds given at the Mercer street station for the men, saying they were not worth the paper they were written on.

Frank O'Shea declared the raid was a pretence and said he had no case against the proprietors of the place.

FOUND DEAD INFANT.

Newly-Born Child Picked Up To-day in Morningglade Park.

The dead body of a newly-born child was found in Morningglade Park, opposite One Hundred and Twenty-first street, this morning by William Matthews, of No. 320 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street.

WELCOME TO ITALIAN BISHOP.

Scalabrini Here to Inspect